The International Congress of Christian Scientists—The Plan of the Congress and the Ecliptons Importance of its Work. Panis, Jan. 19 .-- I venture to address the renders of The Sus and all persons in the United States who are anxious to reconcile the progress of true science with the authority of revealed truth on what is done here, and what the very elite of French scholars are preparing to do for the purpose of thus promoting har-moniously the vital interests of religion and sejentific research.

monously the vital interests of religion and scientific research.

It will be seen, before the end of this letter, that the culture of the highest scientific knowledge, together with that of the most thorough religious intelligence, is one, and only one, of the great objects earnestly sought by the Christian men of France.

on Arril 8 next the "International Scientific congress of Catholics" is appointed to meet in Iraris. It promises to be one of the most important assemblages ever held in Europe. The announcement that it is to meet the aircody aroused great interest both on the Continent the continent of the con

partiment of physics or Diology, On such a period of the history of Egypt or Assyria, on such a point of anthropology, Take care not to controvert this; to deny it would only injure yourself, for it is the simple truth. But here is what is uncertain: on this point and that, heterodox scientists affirm a great deal more than has been proved; you may therefore confidently deny or controvert such a proposition. Again, here is another proposition: its truth has not yet been quite demonstrated, but it has acquired a high degree of scientific probability. The tendency, the legitimate advance of science is in that direction. Bo you must not risk an imprudent negation on a matter where you might have to recant ere long.** This is what we propose to do. This congress is, then, not to resemble a council. We are not going to discuss either broad or narrow theories on the inspiration of Scripture. We shall bow with decility to all the decisions of the Church, to her direction and advice, to the authorized and general teachings of her theologians and dectors.** But nothing in all this shall prevent us from accepting the teatimony of speciality scholars who come to inform us, each within his own competent sphere, where in our day exist certainties, where probabilities, and where the temerities of science.**

Assuredly, non-Catholic apologists of revealed truth will find in this but little to controvert and much that is admirable and of immediate practical application. I do not overestimate the intelligence, the liberality, and the good will of the clergymen of the various denominations in America when I think and say that the approaching congress in Paris of Christian scientists ought to interest them and incite them to a noble emulation.

After, however, reading Mgr. d'Hulst's remarkable and illuminous views about the relative sims and labors of Christian apologetics and science, I cannot do better than close with a list of the principal questions to be discussed in the sound solicit the attention of my own co-religionists

Electric Simals for Army Scouts.

First Simulis for Army Scents.

From the i kiloscipkia Pres.

James F. McLaughlin, an electrician, was in the Girard House last night, and entertained a group of friends with stories of wonderful results attained in electrical science and more winderful results that are yet to be attained.

In speaking of Gov. Hill's recent message on capital executions, he told of several suggestions made by electricians for despatching nurderers by electrical appliances, and then switched on the subject of a new invention for signalling during time of war.

Briefly the scheme is this." he said. "The secuts or signal officers carry in their knapsacks six small incandescent lights of the different primary colors. These are connected by a very fine wire with a small battery in the knapsack. Attached to the small globes that inclose the lights is a very small oval electric motor, operated by an independent battery. When one secut wishes to communicate with another he sends one globe high fint the air and then turns on the electric fluid that illuminates it. By the use of the different colored globes and by combinations a conversation of any length can be carried on at night at long distances. The invention will be patented in Europe, and an effort will be made to introduce it into the different European armies as well as into the allegod army in this country."

THE BERLIN STOCK EXCHANGE

The Brokers and the Great Money Kings of Germany-Art and Money Rand in Hand -Count Von Moltke at Ris Country Rome. Berlin, Jan. 26.—The name of the capital of the German empire involuntarily evokes visions of military splendor, of colossal arma-ments, of dazzling staff officers, and warrior princes, standing well in front, but not collipsing another equally distinguished, if more pa-cific, army of learned professors, erudite savans, and university scholars. The name of Berlin also starts into life a long cortége of artists, philosophers, writers, and poets, but it never seems to represent to the mind a great financial centre, the successful rival of London and Paris in that capacity.

We ponder and wonder over the mighty forces under Emperor William's trembling hand; we know that in the brief space of twenty-eight years he has doubled the effective strength of his hosts; that his army now numbers eighteen army corps and one independent division; we know that the names of the Generals and com-

his hosts; that his army now numbers eighteen army corps and one independent division; we know that the names of the Generals and commanders of these countless troops already belong to history, for they have become famous on the Homeric battlefields of the Franco-German war—Pape, Rieist, Du Bourg, who accompanied the French army to Mexico as German military attaché; Wartensleben, Blumenthal, the Princes of Prussia and Saxony, who won spurs in active service, and many others surrounding the great severely simple figure of their chief, Moltke.

We like to follow the great Marshal in the quiet seclusion of his countryaresidence at Creisnau in Bilosia, whither he hastens whenever he can secure a well-samed holiday from his arduous duties, or be spared by his soveroign. At the entrance of the yard of Creisnau stands an oak planted in 1870, under which is a block of granite with the inscription, Sedan 1. IX., 1870, flanked by two camons taken at Hoissons, and the gift of the Emperor to the Marshal. A broad flight of steps leads to the house, a large structure in the Renaissance style, with a number of spacious rooms principally remarkable for the absence of any of the usual appurtenances of luxury or comfort; there are no hangings, no portieres, no carpets, no couches or lounges. Molike adores Creisnau because it is his own creation. Hising very early, he discards the ease and comfort of dressing gown and loose clothes and arrays himself completely at once for the day. After partaking of acup of coffee at 7, he works till 10, and then sallies forth, a pruning knife in one hand, a cane provided with a saw in the other, and with firm step and carriage still crect in spife of his eighty-seven years, walks about the woods and gardens of Oreisnau, lopping off a branch here, marking a tree there, and giving directions to his servants and gardens. No stress of weather keeps the old man indoors. He has never used an umbrella, and the utmost concession he seve makes to the heaviest shower is to turn his coat collar about his

employ in protecting themselves. To shut one's eyes systematically to the needs of this great intellectual strife of modern times would be to deliberately condemn ourselves to utter powerlesaness. We should thereby consent to form only a little church, so limited in its members of those who had not forsaken it. No serious-minded man or woman who has at all followed the intellectual currents of our title of middle with the cultured circles in in their bearings on revelation, on all religion, in their bearings on revelation, on all religion, indeed, but must acknowledge the force of M. Lapparent's remarks and the urgency of the reforms to which he points.

Now-and here I also invite the attention of your non-Catholic readers—ist us see, in the programme aketched by Monsignor d'Huist, rector of the Catholic University of Paris, what the international Scientific Congress will discuss in its first meeting anxi April.

Science says, science proces, it is an ascertific congress will also invited the international Scientific Congress will discuss in its first meeting not the lips of our visit with uncessingly fail from the lips of our visit with uncessingly fail from the lips of our visit with uncessingly fail from the lips of our visit with a second hand these solentific affirmations from mon who have a special study of the solences. Apologaties (the solences, Apologaties (the solences, apologaties (the solences, apologaties) in the parishold of the solences. They must ake second hand these solentific affirmations from mon who have a special study of the solences. Apologaties (the solences that of the solences, applied to the conditions of the con

name of Makier Banken, whose directors, representatives, or agents are only responsible for their acts to their own particular house. The everaidet Makier, or sworn-in stockbrokers, combine with the first mentioned to fix the cases cours or average price of stocks. It is, moreover, permissible to buy and sell action for speculating on the fail, and in its despatches the word "fau." which in its largon the Paris Bourse, that of Berlin has a prediction for speculating on the fail, and in its despatches the word "fau." which in its largon means weakness, constantly occurs.

At noon punctually the hall is filled by about four thousand men, who carry on their business in stentorian tones, with a curious expenditure of violent gestures and facial contortions. Bankers, brokers, jobbers, appear for a while to be raving lunatice secaped from the wholesome estraits of the strait waistoom and the surveillance of their keepers.

At the surveillance of the surveill

POEMS WORTH READING.

Under the Syrian Store.

Prom the Independent.

Dear Bethlehem, the proud repose
Of conscious worthiness is thine.
Set on. The Arab comes and goes.
Set on. The Arab comes and goes.
Set on the Store Christian hold.
Than England's heaped-up iron house of gold. Thy stony hill is beaven's stair;
Thine every stone some storied gem.
Oh, then art fair, and very fair,
Thou hely, hely flethehem;
Thy very dust more dear than dust of gold
Against my giorious sunset-waters rolled. Against my giorious sunset-waters related and here did glean the lewly Ruth!
Here strode her grandson, flerce and fair,
Strode forth in all his kingly youth
And tore the ravening she bear!
Here Ranhel sleeps. Here David, thirding ide.
For just one drop from yonder trickling ide.
JOAQUIN MILLER

Roses and Lilles. Prom the Fould's Companion.

From the Fould's Companion.

Roses for youth with its mad ambition.

Lilies for hopes that bloom into peace, Roses for work with its promised fruition.

Lilies when toll and striving cease;

Waxen trampet and velved nest,

The rose or the lily, which is best? Lilles when days sip in dreamy fashion, Roses when moments are gad and gay, Roses for hearts in the masistrom of passis Lilles for breasts that are quiet for aye; Snowy trumpat and crimnon next. The rose or the lily, which is best?

Bleigh Bells. Fielgh Bells.

Prom the Boston Globe.

The night is starry, cold, and still,
The moon is in its giory.
And rising up to meet the blue.
The mountain beads gleam heary;
As up the hill and dewn the dals,
And dashing through the dingle.
All overgrown with evergroons.
The merry sieigh bells jingle.

And beauty's eyes beam brighter;
And beauty's eyes beam brighter;
More music maidens' voices make,
And happy hearts grow lighter;
For life itself is more silve.
As every nerve a tingle,
The blood goes dancing through the veins,
When merry sleigh bells jingle. was merry siegn bells jingle.
What though the Winter King has bound.
The Earth with ley taiter:
Love makes it immuner in he heart;
And cuddled close together.
Agliding o'er the frozen ground.
Two souls may meet and mingle.
Ah many a wincome wife is won.
When merry sleigh bells jingle!

When merry sieign bens junges:
Old memories air in aged breasts.
Though eyes through tears are twinkling.
As in the frosty night is heard
Afar the silver tinkling:
And grandma, sitting snug at home
Beside the glowing ingle.
Grow young and is a girl again
When merry sleigh bells jingle. A Woodland Lock.

Prom the Boston Dauly Advertiser, Haste, Maggie, bring your shining skates, Busk on your dainty shoon! The frost is hard, the ice is keen, The sun looms red at noon. The swallow's brood has flown away To skim the shining Nile; The blackbird and the lark are dead, Or silent for a while.

The frost has fretted every pane; Hoar whitens every spray; And hark how loud the laughter rings Along the ice to day. Last night the merry minetrelsie
Sent waltzars through the hall,
Beneath the cunning mistietos,
And holly on the wall.

But now the grand plano's closed, The loud frombone is dumb; The fiddles in their coffus lie, The clarionet's gone home. Deep hid amid the frosted woods
The enchanted lakelet lies;
The rowans there are red as lips,
The slees as black as eyes.

There half the joyous company
That led the dance last night
Have bound bright winglets to their feet,
And, mated, taken flight Dew glistens on the ruddy lip The rowan ne'er can know; Glad light shines in the downcast eye That comes not to the slos.

A scarlet flush comes to the cheek,
A lily to the brow;
And thoughts that last night feared to speak
Have burst their fetters now. And hand in hand as we pursue
The missing Muse's art.
Though winter's in the frosty sky
There's summer in my heart.
Gro GRO. EYRS TODO.

The Breidered Bedice. A TRANSLATION.

Prom Longman's Magazine.

Dear-my-love. I must ride away,
Fare Je well for a summer's day;
Loath am I to leave your side.
Yet your jover to Nantes must ride,
For the King commands and I obey. "Now, in sooth, if to Nantes ye fara,
Thence, I pray you, a bodice bear,
Broidary work on the breast and sleeves,
Of roses white with silvary leaves,
Bilvery roses white and fair."

Now to Nantes hath her gallant gone, But never the bodice thought upon; Filled his thoughts with the wine and play, Making merry the livelong day, All the day till the torches shom.

"But what shall I say to my ladys, Who a broidered bodice prayed of me?"
"Speak her soft and speak her amouts;
Say, 'Through Nantes I searched in truth,
And none such bodices there might be." Better a sea where no fish are.
Better the night without a star,
Bills with never a valey set.
Spring with never a violet.
Sweeter were all these things to me
Than a lying speech to my tadys."

A Victim of Orthopy. From the Boston Heraid.

Ah, toll the bells, and wall and weep!
Strew lilles where I lie asseep.
For life is sad and the grave is deen. I was a simple druggist's clerk;
My cheek was pale, my eye was dark,
And all day long, and to and fro
The maidens passed a levely row,
And gianced and gazed, and glanced again,
And eyed me through the window pane.
"Ab, sweet! oh, sweet!" they cried, ah me!
Then came to buy seme pot-pourri. Then came to buy some pot-pourry.
One, in a bustling, eager flurry,
Would cry, "Oh, ginms some pott-purry,"
One, blushing like an Reastern hourt,
Soft murmured, "Some of that pott-powry,"
Anothef, fawm-like, gentie, shy,
Just whispered, "Ounce of pott-pour-eye."
A fourth, a Hack Bay maid was she,
In accents clear said, "Some peau-pree."
And tan, each veivety and furry,
Racialimed, "Oh, give me some pott-purry,"
And six-1 tell a truthful story—
Requested, "Some of your pott-porry."
So went the days, and lone and sad, Requested, "some or your pott-pory."
So went the days, and lone and sad,
I feit myself wax slowly mad.
I've croton chloral held no calm,
And maylo mandrake valny shed
Its searching odors round my head;
I slokened, paed, and died, poer maBut still they buy the pot-pourri.

So toll the bella, and weep and wall, For him who this the mournful tale O'er death no sorrow may prevail.

Too Learned by Half, From the Hatchet.

A college man from Beston town,
One sunny day of summer leisure,
Was introduced to Betty Brown,
And thought that he would try please her;
For Betty tanght a village school,
And doubtless in her life had never
Heard much of oligies and isma
In language dignified and clever.

The college man from Boston town,
Of cosmos and of protoplasm,
Talked like a book to flexty Brown,
And of the late selamic spasm;
Explained the reasons using words
Unheard before in country places,
And spoke of ancient Greece spots, where
Explorers seek for antique traces.

Of abstrue questions new and old.
Of art, invention, progress, science,
With volubility he told.
While Betty listened with defiance:
At last said he. "I understand
That you're a teacher on vacation."
"You're mainformed," said Setty Brown,
"I am a Bored of Education!"

Irish Hearts and Irish Hands.

From the Irish-tmerican.

Who casts a slur on Irish worth, a stain on Irish fama.
Who dreads to own his Irish blood or wear his Irish name, who scens the warmth of Irish hearts, the class of Irish hands?

Let us but raise the vall to picks. Let us but raise the veil to-night and shame him as he

The Irish fame! It rests enshrined within its own proud light.
Wherever sword or tongue or pen has fashioned deed of might:
From battle charge of Fontency to Grattan's thunder tone.
It holds its storted past on high, unrivalled and alone. The Irish blood! Its crimson tide has watered hill and plain
Wherever there were wrongs to crush or freemen's rights to gain;
No dastard thought no coward fear, has held it tamely by, When there were noble deeds to do and noble deaths to do!

to die!

The Irish heart! The Irish heart! God keep it fair and free.

The fulness of its kindly thought, its wealth of honest give.

Its generous strength, its ardent faith, its uncomplaining trust.

Though every worshipped idel breaks and crumbles into dust.

dual.

And Irish handa, aye, lift them up; embrowned by honest toil.

The champions of our Western Werld, the guardians of
the soil;

When dishled their battle ewords aloft, a waiting world
might see

When the stated their battle swords aloft, a waiting world might see
What I rish hands could do and dare to keep a Nation I res.

They bore our starry flag aloft through bastion gate, and wall.
They stood before the foremest rank the bravest of them all.
And when before the cannon's mouth they held the foe at bay,
O never could old I reland's heart beat prouder than that day.

So when a craven fain would hide the birthmark of his race.

Or slightly speak of Erin's some before her children's Breaths no weak word of soorn or shame, but crush him where he stands With Irish worth and Irish fame, as won by Irish POSTS WORK FOR CHARITY.

Synagogue in Albany. ALBANY, Feb. 4.—The Beth Emeth fair closed its doors to-night after a most successful course of two weeks. The fair was given for procuring additional funds to complete the beautiful synagogue now building. This has been the most successful affair of its kind that has taken place in Albany since the Army Relief Bazaar during the war. More than \$30,000 has been realized, and the erection of the syna-gogue, to cost \$150,000, is an assured fact, People flocked from all parts of the county to witness the sights, and the throngs that filled witness the sights, and the throngs that filled Union Hall nightly were the largest ever contin-nously assembled in any public place in the city. The Hon. 8. W. Bosendale acted as Chair-man of the Executive Committee, Dr. Herman Bendell was the Secretary, and S. M. Valken-burgh Treasurer. One of the features of the fair was the Fair Journal, published nightly as the official organ. It contained nothing but original matter, and among its contributors were some of the most eminent men in the field of letters and science. The editors were Dr. Maurice J. Lewi and David Muhlfelder.

It was a sprightly, well-printed little paper. and soon came to be looked for by persons not otherwise interested in the charitable undertaking, it was so filled with local hits and taking literary contributions. The poetical contributions, all original, were remarkable for such a paper. They were the talk of the town. Here is one by Leonard Kip, President of the Albany Institute:

THE PLAINT OF THE CHURCH PAIR OTHER.

Nothing but records of gloom and wos, With never a joy between:
My thankless duty to lie below,
And flavor the whole tureas.
Never allowed from the bottom to rise,
And out of the depths of my lair
To feast for a moment my longing eyes
On the glories of the fair.

The coffees stand in giltering row.
Rahaling their fragrance strong:
They are very soon gone: but before they go,
They have looked on the festive throng.
The ices in crystal saucers lie
And pleasantly temper the air:
What matters it that in the end they dia,
if they melt on the lips of the fair.

III. But I, abut out from the Joyous light.
In my cavernous depths must remain.
If ever i strungie to ruse in my might,
I am thrust to the bottom again.
It would never do that the world should know
How little I am and how spare;
And learn how far I am made to go
Toward the profits of the fair.

And so I live on, in my saddened career;
No remission from trouble and grief.
With never a glimpee at the sunlight clear;
With never a hope of relief.
For when there is little left to sell,
And purchasers are rare,
I am put back sagain in my parow shell,
And saved for the next church fair.

James Whitcomb Riley did not send one be-cause he said he had none in stock, but he wrote a comical letter instead. Arthur Lucas sent one that follows, which is distinguished for originality in ideas and the use of words:

CLEOPATRA'S PARRWELL "We are dyeing Egypt—dyeing Her a deep and ruddy hue. "Tony, in thine arms thus lying Let me live and die with you.

Tony, drink and let thy sorrow
Drown in floods of rosy wine.
Drink i we may be dead to morr
I will take a pearl in mine. "Drink again; fill up the glasses; Drain the draught that fires the brain— Water is for swine and asses. Ho, there, slaves! bring more champagne!

Thus spake Cleo, radia it, dusky, Egypt's regent. 'Tony's mash, Suddenly her voice grew husky, And her features pale as ash.

"Tony, tell me," trembling spake she,
"Is you serpent but for me?"
And she pointed to the snake she
Baw, but Tony did not see. "Are those rata? here on my forehead Are those buzzing objects flies? Yonder frog? Oh, this is horrid, Are these real or phantasies?

"Did the waters blue of Nilns, Or my levered, heated brain Field that dreadful crocodius? That pink mouse! there 'tis again! "Tony, Tony, hasten hither, Take the horrid beasts from hence. Tell me quickly, truly, whether I'm indeed bereft of sense.

"Nothing see'st thou? art quite certain? Then my ailment is d. L. Leave me, Tony, draw the curtain, Send my peisoned asp to me.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying
Fram the anakebite of an asp;
And my spirit, upward flying,
Bears away my ilnai gasp.

"May it be a hint to Tony
When he sees me lying dead
Not to start out with a crony
To adorn the land with red. "Is this death, this sudden freezing?
Must I die thus all aione?
Tony! Egypt! hear me wheezing;
I am going—going—gone."

Mr. Irving Browne, the editor of the Albany Law Journal, is the author of this gentler and more ambitious effort. Any love song by the editor of a law journal would be apt to be interesting, but this has merit far apart from the curlosity it excites:

THE SCHOLES OF LIFE. A boy and girl upon the yellow beach.

Jiew shining bubbles in the summer air.

And as they floated off they named them. each
Choosing what seemed to him or her most fair.

"I name mine "Wealth," exclaimed the careless boy;
"So may I never have to count the cost.
But ships and houses own as now a toy;"
But Wealth was driven far out to sea and lost. "I name mine Beauty," said the pretty girl;
"So women all shall envy my fair face.
And men shall kneel and beg me for a curl;"
But Beauty vanished quickly into space.

"I name this Fame." essaved the boy again;
"So may I hear my praises every hour,
As crator or soldler, sung by men;"
As trator or soldler, sung by men;"

This is Long Life," returned the little maid;
">>o may I happy be for many a year.
Nor be till late of ugiy death afraid;" &
But Long Life broke within a graveyard near. At last twin globules they together blew, And named them "Love" as slow they rose on high; The sun shone through them with prismatic hus, Till Love was lost within the glowing sky.

These are only a few of at least a dozen bits of verse that attracted wide attention here, and are now imprisoned in the scrap books of the town. Perhaps one other is worthy of a place in this selected list—that by Abraham Illed upon "Nudie." his dog, an animal that has been a well-known town character in Albany for sventeen years.

Arrectis curibus, so he'd stand,
With wagging tail and glowing eye,
Impatient of the slow command,
And bark the while incessantly.

How oft the postman, on his way, Would wait his coming for the mail; How e'ou the gamins ceased their play To make him catch his curling tail. But now 'tis past—the drooping head, The stiff ning frame and dimming eye, Buggest the doom e'en mortals dread; My dog is old and soon must die.

For him, and aye for all things save Proud man alone there's said to be No dawn beyond the dismal grave, No meeting in elernity.

Yet brutes are happy, ne'er they sigh, Nor think of tides to swim or stem : They live, they love, grow old and die, Oblivion is the heavon for them.

How the editor, Dr. Lewi, managed to get so many well-known men as those whose names appeared in the Journal to write for it for nothing it would be interesting to know. Editors and journalists, clergymen, scientists and professors in New York, Troy, Albany, and Washington—men who think a cent a word poor pay—wrote columns for this fugitive paper.

Making Banjos in his Cell.

Making Banjes in his Cell.

Making Banjes in his Cell.

Making Banjes in his Cell.

BUFFALO, Jan. 29.—An industry carried on in the Eric county penitentiary has a merit of novelty and melody, and does not interfere with the trades unions, perhaps, because it has only one convict engaged in it. Edward Morrill, the prisoner, was sent there eight years ago for a deadly assault committed in a saloon. He had been a "tough," and nothing musical was observed in his make-up until he began his long sentence. Then he took to banjo music and soon made a good instrument, which he learned to play, until now he handles it with the grace and adeptness of a minstel. The prison authorities state that he has made some forty instruments, the later productions being of the best quality, perfect in tone, made of the finest material, nicely inside, and of the quality usually sold for \$50 or \$60. Morrill has disposed of all he has made, mostly to professional mea, and has sold them at \$15 and \$20. He was one of a famous quartet of safe breakers who operated in some of the principal cities about a decade ago.

Mis training in the fine art of burglary must have been perfect, for in 1868 he manufactured a machine that would noiselessly cut the iron bars of his cell. He arranged to escape, and another convict, who was in the plan, got another convict who was in the plan, got as machine that would noiselessly cut the iron bars of his cell. He arranged to escape, and another convict, who was in the plan, got as the plan was another convict who was in the plan, got as the plan was another of the plan and fixtures as a lady's boundor. The next cell is occupied by Henry Weston, the New York is weller, and it nearly equals Miller's in artistic arrangement. He is imprisoned for retaining amples of the gold in articles given him for repairing. A full kit of jewellers' tools, &c. may be seen among the brie-a-brac on the

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAIL

Clever Verses Written to Help Along a New Three of ne Clean out 800 Weives for the Czar and Get no Thanks for It. How many people are killed by wolves in Russia each year?" I once asked of a Russian official at St. Petersburg. "Twenty thousand, perhaps, but what of it?"

he replied.

If the Russian Government was not concerned about the number, he could not see why out-siders should be. And if the Government was concerned, it is doubtful if it could take any steps to greatly lessen the number of wolves or victims. From east to west and north to south Russia is a wolf country. The distance between towns, and the thinly settled agricultural dis-tricts give wild beasts opportunity to increase in numbers, and it is said of the Russian wolf that he is always hungry. If statistics were preserved and published, as in India, the pub-lication of the number of victims killed and devoured by wolves would be startling. Be-tween the villages of Toblosky and Urkovsky thirty miles apart—there was, in 1868, only one house. That was a half-way hotel. The rest and for five years previous to 1868 this had been one of the most dangerous places in all Russia. Travellers waited at either village until a band of from ten to twenty had collected, and in midwinter soldiers had to accompany all trav-ellers. A member of the French Legation told me that, in making this journey once, the sledges were followed and surrounded by a

singles when convent and surrounced by a state thousand. No attack was made, there be built a larger secort of solders.

In the summer, and not a word appeared in sight. At one point, where the read traversed a plain for track, the bones of at legal filly homes and of severity-five persons. In some cases only a track, the bones of at legal filly homes and of severity-five persons. In some cases only a few of the control of

afterward told by peasants living eight or ten miles away that packs of wolves passed, their

afterward told by peasants living eight or ten miles away that nacks of wolves passed their farms at dusk on the way to the general rendezvous. Some of those surrounding the probably came twelve or fifteen miles. The keeper of the hotel saw fifty or more pass his place, and they were in such a hurry and so occupied with the project on foot that they peased within twenty feet of a stray colt without halting to attack it.

On the second day of our stay we were witnesses of a dreadful tragedy. It was a cloudy day, with occasional snow aqualis, but no wolves exame near us. At about 2 o'clock, while my companions were lying down, I opened a slide to take a look over the highway toward Toblocky. For four miles the highway was over a plains and one could see every moving object. Then the road was lost in a plan forest, which stretched along for a couple of mess. In the exarcely pulled back the slide the edge of the tame in view on the road at the edge of the tame in view on the road at the edge of the tame in view on the road at the edge of the tame in view on the road way to way, the first which had no sconer adjusted the focus than I uttered a shout which brought my companions to their feet. There were three horses abreast, and they were coming at a dead run, while on both sides of the sledge I could make out fierce wolves jumpling up. The team was a power-ing at a dead run, while on both sides of the sledge I could make out fierce wolves jumpling up. The team was a power-ing at a dead run, while to both sides of the sledge was lashing the horses in a power-ing at a dead run, while to both sides of the sledge was a wirrounded by a great pack of wolves. The driver was lashing the horses in a power-ing one and coming very fast, and in a minute more I made out that the sledge was surrounded way, while the smoke and flame and faint reports to proved that the opened one of the doors, got down our guns, and all were ready to leap out when a dreadful sound reached our ears. It was the shriek of a borse. I say shriek, for i

dragged down with him. We could not seen them, however, for the voices. We just active them, however, for the voices. We just active them, however, for the voices. We just a street and the seen that he was a street and the property of the property and hungt work of the horses had been picked by the bone, the way property of the horses had been picked by the bone, the way property of the horses had been picked by the bone, the way property of the horses had been picked by the bone, the way property of the horses had been picked by the bone, the way property of the horses had been picked by the bone, the way property of the horses had been picked by the bone, the way property of the property of the

As in his parlor a huge decorative piece, seemingly of roses, rosebuds, violets, smilar, and other flowers and foliage, apparently carved with most exquisite delicacy in bronze. The most minute curves and veinings of the small-set potals and leaves are preserved with infinite exactitue, so that it would seem as if the piece represented years of patient application of the highest skill in this difficult branch of art. In point of fact, however, the whole thing was produced in a few hours, and at small expense, by the new process of plating, the invention of a Frenchman. Each bronze flower and leaf encloses the real original, upon which the metal has been deposited by electric action, and it is affirmed that the roses so encased retain independent of the same process is applied in the making of silver flees, beetles, and other insects, and even in the coating of lizards and small snakes for the orable. The deepest interiors, their natural colors, the same process is applied in the making of silver flees, beetles, and other insects, and even in the coating of lizards and small snakes for the orable, and other insects, and even in the coating of lizards and small snakes for the orable, and the reservoir, his bones placed in an urn, and the same process is applied in the making of silver flees, beetles, and other insects, and even in the coating of lizards and small snakes for the orable of lizards and stable, they may continue the stable of the same process is applied in the making of silver flees, beetles, and other insects, and even in the coating of lizards and stable, they may continue the stable of the same process is applied in the making of silver flees, beetles, and other insects, and even in the coating of lizards and part of the same process is applied in the making of silver flees, beetles, and there is a second that the same process is applied in the making of silver flees, beetles, and the silver flees beetles, an

From Trace Strings.

Visiting Minister—That's a fine rocking horse on have, my little man. Papa buy it [Chariey—Ne. I won it at a lottery.]

Minister—Ah, don't you know it's naughty to gamble reake chances!

Chariey—Way, it was at your own church fair, Mr. Ireadorin.

THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA. More Information Concerning the Ancient Rules of Arizona.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 29. - Enough has already been discowred by the expedition which is at work among the ruined cities in Arizona to prove that they are the seven cities of Cibola of which the Spaniards heard when they conquered Mexico, and of which Coro-nado, the Spanish general, went in search. The discoveries prove also that the Zuni In-dians are the direct descendants of the ancient inhabitants of these cities, and the civilisation of which they formed a part extended through

Central and into South America.

The ruins are situated in the valley of the Salt River, with the Superstition Mountains on one side. Toward the vest the valley widens into a plain watered by the Glia and its trib-utaries. On this plain is situated the city of utaries. On this plain is situated the city of Phoenix. The seven cities are grouped on the banks of the Salt River, Idur on one side and three on the other. In the river was built a series of dams two or three miles apart, while branching out at right angles to the river ran the canals, sometimes twenty fest wide. There was one of these canals between each two cities, while between the canals and nearly parallel with the river ran smaller canals for irrigating the fields. Still other ditches ran from the main canals into the cities, where the

frigating the fields. Still other ditches ran from the main canals into the cities, where the water was stored in reservoirs for domestic use. The cities are all built on exactly the same plan, and consist of groups of puebles around a temple building, with its open elemental court. These groups are in straight double rows, much as city houses are built, with their backs to each other, and their fronts upon the streets. But instead of streets here are anala, and each block or group has its two pueblos, built with their backs close together, and each facing a canal, while each pueblo has on that

In the Swim, From the speck.

Gus—Where have you been, Jack?

Jack—I'm just from an afternoon tee at Mrs. Meredith's.

Gus—And where are you going now!

Jack—To a wedding breakfast on Thirty-fourth street.



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